

THE OBSERVER

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SPIES PROVOKE WAR.

Count von Bernstorff says that the German reply to President Wilson's note was known in London before it arrived in Washington—the British being in possession of the American secret code.

No doubt of it. No doubt of it at all. And the fact that Count Von Bernstorff knows that Great Britain has our secret code indicates that he is in possession of considerable secret information himself. The fact is probably this: Great Britain knows what the United States and Germany are doing; Germany knows what the United States and Great Britain are doing; and the United States knows what both the two are doing.

With all the boasted "secret service" of the various governments there is no longer any such thing as a state secret.

Do we realize how much of war is due to the "secret agents" whose business it is to collect suspicious facts and weave them into causes of diplomatic distrust? It is almost impossible to engage 10,000 able, alert and highly cultivated spies to prowling the earth in search of suspicion, without having them perform their task rather too well.

If one could be sure that after the present madness is past, the nations would disband their spy organizations, one could then be much surer of the peace of the future.

A VISION OF WORLD PEACE.

Cardinal Gibbons says there is something in the air which foretells the coming peace for Europe.

It has been apparent that the purposes for which the war was begun are as dead as the blasted hopes of Rameses. There is but one end now in view, and that is an attainment of peace on terms which shall insure its continuance for at least one generation.

The attempt of any one nation to obtain military mastery over all others must always be doomed to failure because all nations that are menaced must combine against the one. Each nation is but a part of the whole world and a relatively small part. No part can be greater than the whole. The dreams that once obsessed Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, Persia and Rome are as dead and gone as

the dynasties that fostered them and sent their faithful subjects to senseless slaughter.

The modern attempts are more lamentable and also more fantastic and more deadly than were the ancient

A TRAGIC ROMANCE.

When it is remembered that the "provisional" president of Ireland was a poet, and his principal helper a professor of literature, the peculiar and impotent madness of the recent Irish rebellion can be better understood. Plainly it was not the work of worldlings, skilled in all the niceties of politics, forearmed by all the duplicities of militarism; but it was the work of poets and bookmen who vainly sought to realize an heroic dream, and whose sense of satisfaction was no doubt fully satisfied by the four or five days of outlawry which they endured for the sake of their ideal. The revolt, more than its outcome, always has a strong appeal to the poetic mind.

While Pearse the poet, and MacDonagh the professor of literature, and Clark the elderly Fenian dreamer, lie dead from the bullets reserved for all traitors in time of war; and while their deaths, occurring at the time they did, will prevent their large fame as Irish martyrs; it is nevertheless possible to judge them leniently if not for the wild Gaelic poetry of the revolt. Such a strange, romantic event to occur in this prosaic century. Only a poet could have visioned it. Only the spirit of the old harpers could have participated in it. Only such dreamers as are found amongst young boys and old men could have enlisted.

It was wild and mad, to be sure, but there was something of immortal irresponsibility about it, something so utterly and fantastically unworldly, as to make Dublin seem more like the stage of romance than a staid old city of brick and mortar.

The proposal has been made to substitute the word "sin" for "devil" in Methodist rituals. An older, and sterner generation would have squelched any such soft suggestion without much ceremony.

A waiter deserted his home, completely disheartened because he had sore feet. Like the toothache, sore feet are a joke to everybody except the victim.

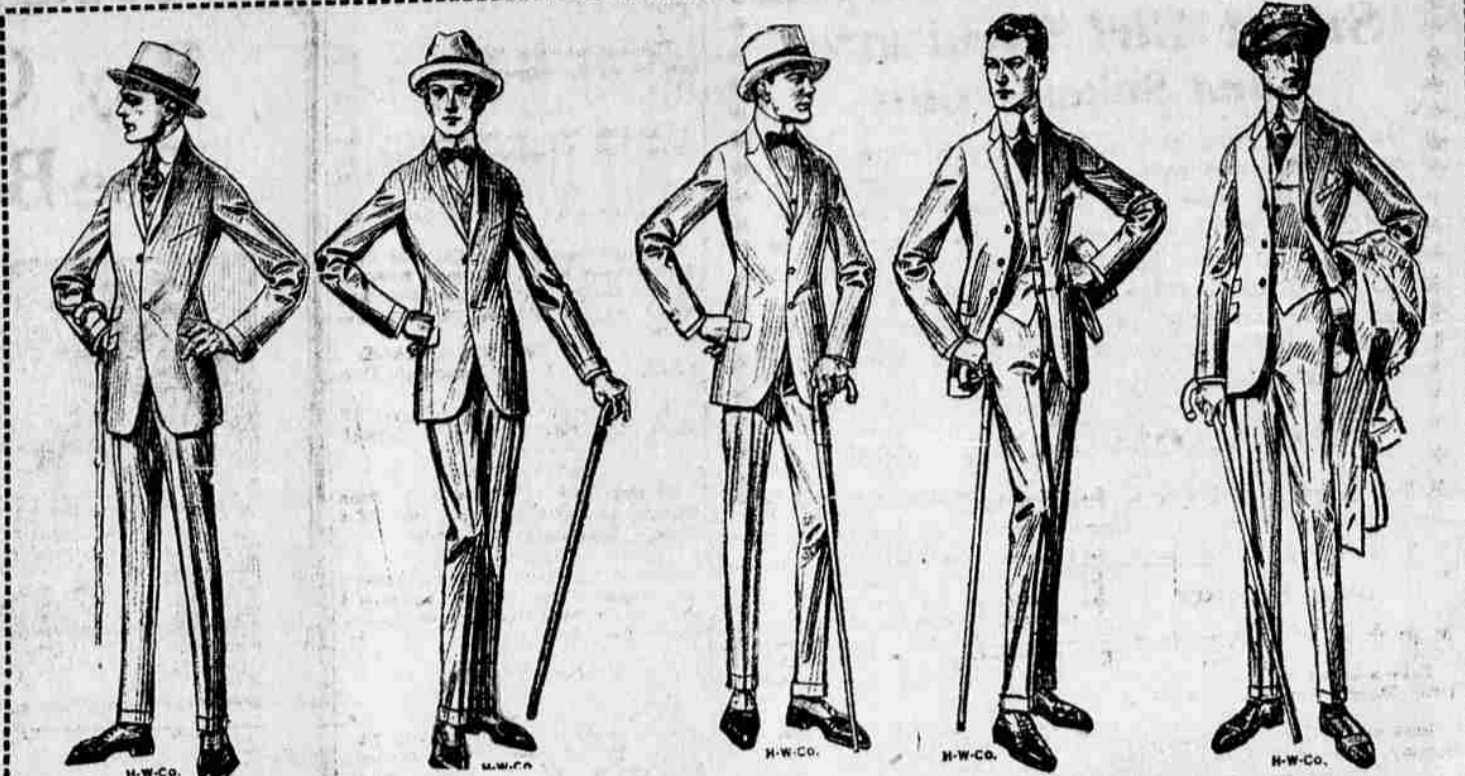
In one leap, from dog team and canoe to aeroplane the Alaskan mail service registers the swift advance of civilization.

The Haitian cabinet has resigned again. Down there cabinets are made up of the world's greatest in and outers.

Compared with Justice Hughes the Sphinx may be described as chatty.

Cascara Bark Harvested

According to the Forest Service, 36,000 pounds of cascara bark were cut on the Siuslaw National Forest in Oregon during the latter half of last year. A steady demand for this bark for medicinal purposes, both in the United States and in Europe, exists.



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Before the war most of the exported product went to England and Germany.

The cascara bark industry began, it is asserted, in California about 1865, and for many years California led in the production of bark, exporting as much as 50,000 pounds in a single year. Now western Oregon, chiefly between the Siletz and Umpqua Rivers, and to a lesser degree western Washington, are the principal sources of supply. The forest experts say that the destructive methods practiced in obtaining the bark on privately owned land, has resulted in gradually reducing the abundance of cascara trees, leaving the National Forests as an important supplementary source of supply.

The tree from which cascara bark is obtained is variously known as cascara, chittim, and bearberry. Bears are very fond of the black, berry-like fruit which the tree produces, and sometimes scratch the bark badly in climbing the tree to secure it. The bear-scratched trees are so difficult to peel that they are frequently left by the bark gatherers, thus providing a few seed trees to help perpetuate the species.

Most of the cascara bark is peeled by settlers and small ranchers in the regions where it grows. The peeling season opens in April and closes when the bark begins to tighten in August. The bark is taken off the tree in as long strips as possible, spread on canvas or other material to keep it off the ground, and dried in the sun. In some localities it is no unusual sight to see the ranchers' fences and smaller buildings covered with drying bark.

A tree, 16 inches in diameter, near Alpha, Oregon, yielded 248 pounds of green bark. When thoroughly dried and ready for market, the bark weighed but 128 pounds. This is considered a large yield for a single tree.

When cascara bark is cut from National Forest land, the regulations of the forestry department require that it be so cut that the trees will reproduce themselves, and this valuable tree be perpetuated. The stumps must be only six inches high, cut clean and smooth, the bark upon them left undisturbed. If this is done, the stumps will send out shoots which, in 20 or 30 years will develop into trees big enough to yield another crop of bark.

Peeling and selling cascara bark has furnished many a homesteader with the grub stake necessary to keep him going while he was getting land cleared and ready for cultivation. Fifteen years ago there was a scarcity of bark in the world's markets, and it brought the settler from ten to twenty cents a pound, even running as high as twenty-nine cents. This meant a good profit for the bark gatherer. For the past seven years, however, the price has been from 3 to 6 cents per pound at Portland, and as a result the ranchers have lost much of their interest in bark peeling, and engage in it only when nothing better is in sight. There are some however, who are so situated that they can afford to hold the bark awaiting the rise in price which they think depends upon the war in Europe.

Who Will Succeed Stevenson?

Atlantic City, N. J., May 19.—One of the subjects of greatest interest at the 128th General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, which is meeting here today, is who will be the next moderator to succeed the incumbent, the Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, president of Princeton Theological Seminary. Not for years has there been so little discussion before an assembly

of candidates. Usually the politics begin as early as the preceding January. But within six weeks of the approaching assembly there were only two men who were actually known to have their "hats in the ring." One is the Rev. Dr. Samuel S. Palmer, pastor of Park church, Columbus, Ohio, who was a defeated candidate a few years ago. The other is the Rev. Dr. John A. Marquiss, president of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Both are well known throughout the church. It seems that geographically each has a good chance, as there is a sentiment to let the honor go to a man from the Middle West. Dr. Palmer was defeated at the Atlanta assembly, and Dr. Marquiss refused to let his friends nominate him at Chicago, as they desired, so as to leave the field clear for the Rev. Dr. Maitland Alexander, of Pittsburg, who was elected. It is possible that another candidate may be the Rev. Dr. Cornelius M. Steffens, president of Duquesne College and Theological Seminary, who was one of the defeated candidates at Rochester. But many believe that Dr. Steffens would not consent to run against a man in his own synod. It is possible that his friend put forward the Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, president of Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y. Dr. Stewart was defeated also last year. Because the three nominees at Rochester—Drs. Stevenson, Stewart and Steffens—all have names which begin with "st," they have been known ever since as "The Three Saints." Another question that is interesting Presbyterian leaders is who they shall elect to succeed the late Rev. Dr. William B. Noble as permanent clerk of the assembly. Dr. Noble, whose home was in Coronado, Cal., died last summer. The office carries with it a salary of \$750. Of the many candidates for that position one is the Rev. Dr. Clarence G. Reynolds, pastor in Elizabeth, N. J. There are many who are urging the merging of the office with that of the assistant stated clerk, the incumbent of which is the Rev. Dr. James M. Hubbert, who works the year around in the General Assembly's headquarters, in Philadelphia, under the Rev. Dr. William Henry Roberts, the stated clerk.

Savory Hotel Guests.

R. E. Hubbard, Portland; H. Dawson, Alice; N. P. Christenson, Mrs. F. Martin and children, Enterprise; L. D. Bullis, Lott Bowman, Steve Rhode, Boise; O. W. Thompson, Elgin; L. W. Evans, J. Haas, Enterprise; W. Pearson, C. Phillips, Eugene; Lulu Plass, C. N. Lewis and wife, Hilgard; P. H. Merrifield, N. N. Brown, ocatello; L. Leslie, I. T. Darr, Ontario; Geo. Kanello, Henry Inwall, Portland; W. H. Tatro, Baker; Chas. Connolly, City; H. E. Gardner, North Yakima; Grace Larkin, H. Berkleit, Portland; J. Blackinton, Imbler; W. A. Brooks, Portland; D. D. Childers, Imbler; E. Sloggy, S. B. Gotter, Wilbur Slate, W. E. Toggart, Mrs. M. Heth, Julius Heth, Enterprise.

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Sudden changes, high winds, shifting seasons cause colds and grippe, and these spring colds are annoying and dangerous and are likely to turn into a chronic summer cough. In such cases take a treatment of Dr. King's New Discovery, a pleasant Laxative Tar Syrup. It soothes the cough, checks the cold and helps break up an attack of grippe. Its already prepared, no mixing or fussing. Just ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery. Tested and tried for over 40 years.

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Hot House Lettuce, a pound 35c
New Bunch Carrots, a bunch 10c
New Turnips, a pound 6c
Green Peas, a pound 10c
New Potatoes, a pound 10c
Green Onions, 3 bunches for 10c
Bermuda Onions, a pound 10c
Gooseberries, 2 boxes for 25c
Florida Grapefruit, 2 for 25c
Oranges, dozen 40c, 50c
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